PS 3545
.I24 M6
1920
Copy 1

Moonlit Waters

By HAROLD J. WIEGAND

Class PS 3545

Book .J24M6

Copyright No. 1920

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Moonlit Waters

By

HAROLD J. WIEGAND

F
.D4 W6
1920

COPYRIGHT 1920 BY
H. J. WIEGAND

PRESS OF HORACE F. TEMPLE, WEST CHESTER, PA.

JUN 16 1920
©CLA570366

To
My Mother

Contents

	Page
Moonlit Waters	3
Big Brother	4
To the Moon	5
Woodlands	6
You	10
To the Night	11
The Successful Suitor Speaks	12
June	13
Eloise	15
In Memoriam	16
If My Love Loves Not Me	17
To a Love Letter About to be Posted	18
My Dream Girl	19
The Sea at Night	20
Constance	21
The Soldier	22
Striving to Forget	23
To Ave Maria	24
The Robin	25
To the Moon-Goddess	26
Clouds	27
Patricia	28
The Penitent	29
Moonlight Madness	30
Contrasts	31
The May Queen	32
Moonlight on Lake Champlain	33
Why?	34
To a Postulant	35
Spring's Drawback	36
The Cynic	37
Easter Morning	39
Marguerite	40

Page
Good Night....41
When You Are Near....42
After the Rain....43
Eileen....44
The Joys of the Unexpected....45
Louise....46
Play the Game....47
Love Sickness....48
Mockery....49
Doubts....51
Winter and Spring....52
Love Song....53
On Looking at a Picture....54
A Dream....55
Autumn....57
The Spy....59
North Winds....60
Yearning....61
Christmas, 1918....62
My Long Distance Girl....63
The Nor'easter....64
The Christmas of the Dead....66
To Delieah....67
Winter....68
L'Envoi....69

Moonlit Waters

A little, gentle, rippling, crystal stream,
A fragrant, perfumed, starlit summer night,
When fond Diana's gorgeous silv'ry beam
Converts the silent darkness into light,
And gleams upon the waves with splendor bright;
In all this lovely, God-created sphere,
There cannot be a more celestial sight,
When on the dancing wavelets, sparkling clear,
The first broad golden beams of glist'ning light
appear.

Big Brother

I seem to miss you more every day,
  Big soldier-brother of mine;
I cannot forget, a clutching grief,
  Like some vile, deadly vine.
That twines about the youthful tree,
  And there forever clings,
Has stabbed my heart with the poisoned thorns
  That sorrow always brings.

I need you so much, Big Brother of mine,
  I always did need you so;
You were always so much bigger than I
  In everything, you know;
You were my idol, the good, kind giant
  Of all my youthful days;
Your words I heeded, and always held
  Your praise the highest praise.

And now you've gone and left me, you
  On whom I so depend;
My brother, my protector,
  My guide, my greatest friend;
No eulogy to fit your name
  Could ever come from me;
"All those who knew you, loved you"
  That is your elegy.

To the Moon

Gay moon, May moon, mirrored on the sea,
Light the way to happiness for my love and me;
Bright moon, white moon, goddess of the night,
Fill the fragrant evening with thy placid light.
Bless us, caress us, with thy silv'ry beams,
Urging us to madness and love's sweet dreams;
Clear moon, dear moon, shed thy tranquil rays,
Making night more brilliant than sunniest of days.
Chill moon, still moon, dazzling all the sky,
With thy lustrous radiance, the while the breezes sigh;
Gladly, madly, swirling from above,
Whispering wondrous happy words of joy and youth and love.
Dim moon, prim moon, peeping from thy veil,
Of snowy, sparkling, cloud-spun lace, thou sendest forth a trail;
Streaming, gleaming, o'er the glist'ning sea,
A trail of love and happiness for my beloved and me.

Woodlands

I wandered through the fields one summer day,
A multitude of flowers, wild and sweet,
And breathing perfume, nodded in my way,
Luring on my careless, errant feet.
To venture on and on, until the heat,
Conquering e'en the jasmine-scented breeze,
Drove me to a laurel-groved retreat,
Where, sheltered from the sun by friendly trees,
I rambled through a world of song-birds' melodies.

Through leafy solitudes with tall oaks lined,
Where tiny violets hugged the mossy ground,
And where the fragrant honeysuckle twined,
My pathway led me; whither I was bound.
I knew nor cared not, in a world new-found,
I seemed to be, a world of gold and green,
Where I alone was king, and laurel-crowned,
I strode with regal pride through my demesne,
And sighed for some sweet maid to be my Forest Queen.

Perched on a swinging bough, a love-sick thrush,
Displayed at once his voice and glossy dress,
A bob-tailed rabbit darted in the brush,

And overhead I felt the light caress
Of wanton leaves to cheer my loneliness
And from among the leaves a squirrel shook
A twig upon me; now this green recess
Was bathed in gold, where, near a shady nook
Over the stones there lisped a clear, complaining brook.

A sprightly, prattling, captivating stream,
Chuckling archly as it danced among
The sedgy grass, wherein a golden gleam
Played hide-and-seek, and gilded wavelets flung
Their spray upon the bank, where mosses clung.
Wooed by the singing waters passing by,
A willow's leafy branches overhung
The purling brook, and breezes seemed to sigh,
Among its slender leaves a woodland lullaby.

Within a shady bower, sweet and cool,
I lay upon the grass, and drowsily
Watched where the waters widened in a pool,
Half lake, half stream, and whispering to me
A tender, love-sick, little melody.
Lovely, lonely naiads tried to leap
From out the waves to see who this could be,
Who dared invade their realm, and from the deep

Their gentle voices woeed me, lulling me to
sleep.

The drowsy rustling of the sleeping willow trees
Disturbed my peaceful, grassy-bowered rest,
And feeling on my cheeks the evening breeze,
I oped my eyes to see the waters blest
With myriads of star lights, every crest
Of tiny waves was mirror for the sky.
The sun long since had sought the crimson west,
And crept away to slumber, now on high
There climbed the radiant moon in haughty
Majesty.

Over the sleeping woods she gently drew
A lustrous, silv'ry mantle, all agleam
With placid light, and gemmed with drops of
dew,
And on the rippling, sapphire-studded stream
A peerless, dazzling, scintillating beam
Danced upon the wavelets, cold and bright,
And made that tiny, moss-banked brooklet
seem
Some sparkling, splendid, precious jewel of light
Dropped from the glorious throne of the goddess
of the night.

The scent of hidden flowers filled the air,
I felt the fragrant breeze's shy caress,
Like smothered kisses, on my ruffled hair,
And as I watched the stream from my recess,
I saw a nymph in rosy loveliness
Glide from the waves, and smiling, beckon me,
And as I rose in yearning haste to press
That lovely creature to my bosom, she
Pressed her lips to mine, and vanished suddenly.

Standing there beside that silvered stream,
Beneath whose silent waves that vision dwelt,
I heard her tender song as in a dream
Whispering to me, again I felt
That kiss upon my lips, and as I knelt
Upon the yielding moss, and tried to pray
For her return, the moonlight seemed to melt;
And in that grassy bower I still lay
And heard the chattering robins welcome in the day.

You

What is so clear as a streamlet reflecting
The moon-brightened skies?
What is so blue as the heavens in August?
Only your eyes.

What is so peaceful, and fragrant, and gentle
As innocent prayer?
What is so black as a star-less June midnight?
Only your hair.

What is so gay as the song of the robins,
Or freer from guile?
What is as flashing as snow in the sunshine?
Only your smile.

What is so hasty, and anguished, and bitter
As Love's first fears?
What is as sweet as the dew in the morning?
Only your tears.

What is as pure, and as loving, and tender
As the white clouds above?
What is as fervent as mother's devotion?
Only your love.

What is as lovely as roses in spring time,
Sprinkled with dew?
As wondrous as butter-cups bathed in the moonlight?
My dearest, just You.

To the Night

Ah, gentle night that stoops with loving care,
Refreshing for awhile the wearied brain,
And giving strength renewed our tasks to bear,
To face the ceaseless toils of life again!

The peaceful robe of night! The cool night-breeze,
That bends the dewy grass with tender stroke,
And whispers through the dim-seen, swaying trees,
And chuckling, mocks the drowsy frog's hoarse croak!

How lovely is the night! How sweet the touch
That rests upon the silent, sleeping earth,
That seems to hold all nature in its clutch,
Until the morning's joyous, smiling mirth!

How gorgeous is the Goddess of the Night!
How soft her gentle, silv'ry, lustrous beams,
That put all weary, worldly woes to flight,
And lull the youthful mind with happy dreams!

The night was made for lovers and for love:
At night a fragrant perfume fills the air,
That seems to spring from heaven's vault above
To soothe our souls, and banish restive care.

The Successful Suitor Speaks

One suitor tried to win her hand,
By counting up his money;
He told her of his wealth and land,
She merely said, "How funny!"

One youth who yearned for wedded bliss,
Her hand asked from her father;
And when the maiden heard of this,
She yawned, and said, "What bother!"

Another, wishing her his bride,
Proposed to her by letter;
She read his note, and gently sighed,
"I hope I can do better!"

One to her charms composed a verse;
To her he dared to show it;
She almost swooned, and cried, "What's worse
Than marrying a poet?"

One youth proposed on bended knee,
In language stiff and stately;
She said, "Dear Sir Solemnity,
Your words amuse me greatly!"

But I—I clasped her to my breast,
And said, "My dear, let's marry!"
She laid her head upon my vest,
And sighed, "Why surely, Harry!"

June

May has flown, knee-deep we stand in June,
Blest month of joy; aloft the silvery moon
With silent beauty thrills the fragrant night,
Bathing all the earth in dazzling light,
Chasing vagrant shadows with its beams,
Silvering all the lakes and dancing streams,
Soothing nature's gentle restlessness
With its radiant light and soft caress.
Softly sighing in the rustling trees,
A loving, tranquil, perfume-laden breeze
Flutters lightly o'er the enraptured earth,
Thrilling nature with its mystic mirth,
Searching gaily for the robin's nest,
To try to tempt him from his peaceful rest,
Wafting kisses at the grassy bowers,
Where all enshrined amidst the other flowers,
Proud and tall, a wonderful white rose
Nods drowsily in somnolent repose,
Sparkling 'neath the moon's pellucid gleams,
Indifferent to its beauty, lost in dreams,
And when awakened by the love-sick breeze,
Feels its kisses, but not its ecstasies;
Like some white-satin bride, some dreamy maid,
Who yearns for love, but yet is half-afraid.
Sighing still, the breeze pursues its way,

Stopping now and then in roguish play
Among the buttercups, or in the vines
Wherein the moonlit honeysuckle twines
Its fragrant blossoms; stopping now entranced,
Beneath the willows, where a brooklet danced,
Basking in the moonbeams' lustrous light,
Shining like some precious jewel of night;
And over all still gleams the tender moon,
While nature thanks its God for giving June.

Eloise

Oh, would that just we two lived on this earth,
My Eloise,
Just you and I alone, and joy and mirth,
My Eloise.
With springtime always in the air,
And roses blooming everywhere;
And clearest skies of blue above,
Just you and I, and joyous love,
My Eloise.

We'd make this world of ours a paradise,
My Eloise,
It seems that now when I look in your eyes,
My Eloise.
An Eden that the angels envy me,
For in your eyes I hope some day to see
A sparkling, joyous, heaven-kindled light
To fill my aching heart with gay delight,
My Eloise.

In Memoriam

(Hindenburg Line, Sept. 29, 1918)

Here where simple peasants daily tread
Ne'er-ending tasks, where careworn farmers plod,
A mighty host, a warlike army trod;
These war-torn fields of green were colored red,
Red with the blood a thousand heroes shed
That we might live; upon this very sod
A thousand men laid down their lives for God,
And joined the ranks of saints, the martyred dead.

Think not, O valiant ones, you died in vain!
You who saw your duty was to give
All without return, your passing by
Was loss to us, but Heaven's lasting gain;
Living you have taught us how to live,
And dying you have taught us how to die.

If My Love Loves Not Me

What is wealth, and pride, and fame,
What is the worth of a well-known name,
What is the sense of a lofty aim,
If my Love loves not me?

Where is there charm in the touch of spring,
Where is the joy that nature can bring,
Where is there beauty in anything,
If my Love loves not me?

Where is the silent peace of night,
Where are the moonbeams soft and bright,
Where can solitude bring delight,
If my Love loves not me?

What is the robin's quavering trill,
How can music's raptures fill
My heart with a tremulous, yearning thrill,
If my Love loves not me?

What are clouds, and the skies above,
What is the very meaning of
The fervent, flaming word of Love,
If my Love loves not me?

To a Love-Letter About to Be Posted

Heaven give you wings of gold,
  Precious little letter;
Guard well all the love you hold,
  I will be your debtor.
Angels guiding from above,
  Hasten, stopping never,
Till you come to her I love,
  Then stay with her forever.
Look into her lustrous eyes,
  When her hands unfold you;
If in them the love-light lies,
  Tell her what I told you:
Say that I am very sad,
  Feeling very lonely;
That she'd make me very glad
  If she'd only, only
Give me just a little bit
  Of her love, and never
Would I fail to cherish it,
  Ever and forever.
Absence makes me far more blue
  Than the skies above her;
So dear note I'm sending you
  To tell her that I love her.

My Dream Girl

A beauteous maid, a dainty maid, a princess wondrous fair,
Who wears a crown of rarest brown, a priceless wealth of hair;
Her eyes are bright as starlit night when summer breezes blow,
Their dazzling light near blinds the sight like sunbeams on the snow.

A fairy she, or nymph must be, so lovely, graceful, gay;
Fair sprite of spring, your charms I sing, who stole my heart away;
Oh, you must know I love you so, my heart-beats thrill your name,
And if my heart should break apart, you only were to blame;
Ah, would your eyes, so blue, so wise, with love for me would shine,
My little dream-girl, my dainty dream-girl, sweet little dream-girl of mine.

The Sea at Night

I looked out on the blackness of the sea,
Enshrouded in the mystic pall of night;
The angry breakers rumbled dismally,
And lashing wildly, voiced their wrathful might.
Mine ears were deafened and my straining sight
Could nought discern in all that fearful gloom
Except a ghastly, foamy streak of white
That marked the high-flung billows' shrieking doom;
The mighty sea was dead, and darkness was its tomb.

Constance

Constance, thy beauty is to me
Like sunbeams on an emerald sea
That dance among the white-capped waves,
And peep into the ocean caves,
Mocking old Neptune's gloomy might,
Merry, sparkling, golden-bright;
Turning the scornful, dismal sea
Into a world of gayety.
So thine eyes of witching brown,
Thy full red lips, thy wondrous crown
Of dark-hued hair, thy flashing smile,
Have changed me in a little while
To a love-sick youth whose only bliss,
Whose only joy is writing this.

The Soldier.

Fearless and strong, with my young soul agleam,
With noble thoughts to fight, to slay, to die;
Proudly willing to suffer awful death,
To live in Hell, to hear my comrades' cry
Of anguished pain, to crucify my soul,—
I thought of these things when I bade good-bye.

I did not wince, I only prayed for strength
When I beheld grim, dread reality;
I saw my comrades snatched away to death,
I suffered pains I did not know could be;
I died ten thousand deaths, and still I lived,
And haggardly fought on to victory.

My blood, my brother's blood, my comrades' blood,
At length has quenched that all-consuming blaze;
I'm home again, though weakened now, and old;
The world is drifting back to olden ways,
And those for whom I shed my precious blood
Can hardly find the time to give me praise.

Striving to Forget

Striving to forget,
In painful memory,
The happy, carefree, loving days,
The days that used to be.

Striving to forget
A maiden I once knew;
My sweetheart with the flashing smile,
And dancing eyes of blue.

Striving to forget,
To wipe away the thought;
To dream no more of happiness
That youthful love once brought.

Striving to forget,
Whilst mocked by memory;
For in my heart, my love for her
Has never ceased to be.

To Ave Maria

A tiny rose, its life but just begun,
Unfolding slowly to the gentle sun
Its creamy, pearly petals, dew-bestrewn,
Blest with all the fragrances of June;
A budding rose that feels with sad surprise
October's sudden frost, and wilting, dies.

So, too, sweet maiden, you have felt the breath,
Before your time, of unrelenting death;
But while the rose shall yield its perfume rare
No more unto the languid, rustling air,
Your spotless soul shall surely live above,
To praise your God, awaiting those you love.

The Robin

I hear thy song at break of day,
A song to banish care away;
A song to teach me how to pray
To God, our Master.
And then you smooth your feathered crest,
And gently swell your crimson breast,
As slowly sailing from your nest,
You mount the faster.

I hear thy song at twilight gray,
While waiting for the end of day,
Among the leafy trees you play,
And strive to cheer me.
Ah, Robin! thy sweet melody
Is like a breath of heaven to me;
That heaven where I hope to see
And always hear thee.

To the Moon-Goddess

Fair goddess, supreme in thy glorious might,
Lover of lovers, and queen of the night;
Shed thy sweet rays until rises the dawn,
On shimmering lake, and on velvety lawn,
Where maidens and lovers in moon-brightened walk,
Flit over the grass, engrossed in their talk
Of love, only love, of mad youthful love;
Shine brightly, fond goddess, enshrined high above,
Illumine the paths that lovers' feet take,
And pray, goddess fair, that they never will wake.

Clouds

Fleecy fields of snowy whiteness,
  Bathed in sunbeams, warm and bright;
Floating slowly o'er the heavens,
  Drifting in celestial flight.

Peaceful children of the heavens,
  Dreamy roamers of the sky;
Lovers of the springtime breezes,
  That go brushing gently by.

Dainty, silv'ry, iridescent,
  Basking in the sun's broad beams;
Smiling at their bright reflections
  In the sparkling, glist'ning streams.

Dancing, joyous, dazzling, glowing,
  Whiter than the ocean's foam;
Guardians of the azure heavens,
  O'er the sky the cloudlets roam.

Patricia

A name that trembles lightly on the tongue,
Like some blest song the angels must have sung
In Paradise; a name that fills my dreams
With thoughts of love and joy and gurgling
streams,
Patricia.

A name that brings before my fancy's sight
Visions of love that fill me with delight;
A name that stands for sadness and for mirth,
A name that only fairies bear on earth,
Patricia.

A maiden slender, graceful, fair and young,
A maid whose charms great Byron would have
sung
Had he been blest with sight of such a girl,
The maid who has put my heart in such a whirl,
Patricia.

A maid whose eyes are blue and crystal clear,
Who made a heaven of earth by coming here;
A nymph divine, an angel from above,
Whom I, unworthy mortal, dare to love,
Patricia.

The Penitent

Humbly I kneel before my God,
(My Jesus, pure and meek);
Yearning to bare my sinful soul,
(Yet half afraid to speak);
Hating sin, yet full of sin,
(My God, I am so weak!)

I pierced His Heart with my neglect,
(His mercy now I crave);
My soul is scarlet-stained with sin,
(This soul He died to save.)
And Him I beg to spare me now
From Hell's eternal grave.

Mea culpa! Mea culpa!
(The thorns pressed in His head);
Through my fault, my grievous fault,
(His sacred side gushed red.)
I spurned the Cross, I turned away,
(Whilst my dear Saviour bled.)

The world has given me all it can,
(And that is Misery);
At last I have returned to beg,
(Pleading timidly)
Mercy from Him I wounded so.
(Sweet Jesus, pity me.)

Moonlight Madness

Bright moonbeams are dancing on the sea,
Whilst a maid entrancing kisses me;
Youth and gladness fill me with a fire,
Moonlight madness thrills me with desire.
Aloft, the tender moon gleams through a veil,
Of cloud-spun lace, and moonbeams make a trail
Of sparkling silver, shimmering on the sea,
And all the wavelets, glimmering mystic'ly,
Reflect the moonlight streaming through the night,
And seem some precious gleaming jewels of light.
Ruby lips a-pressing on mine own,
Golden hairs caressing whither blown
By the gentle breezes brushing by;
Oh, what yearning seizes me, and my
Poor throbbing heart is thrilling with its love,
And still the moon is filling, from above,
The world with light and gladness, whilst we two
Are seized with moonlight madness—what can we do?

Contrasts

I went into the city, the streets were thronged
With crowds of hastening people; I descried
A thousand giant buildings factories,
And busy marts of trade on every side;
And all that throbbing city seemed to hum
One breathless hymn to Man, and man's great
Pride.

I went into the country; nature smiled
Upon the dew-blest flowers, all was still,
Save where a sky-lark, rising from the grass,
Swelled his fluttering breast, and tried to fill
The lofty heavens with his hymn of love,
While nature's soul responded to his thrill.

The May-Queen

Lilacs waft their perfume on the heavy-scented air,
Smiling sunbeams, warm and gay, are dancing everywhere;
Drowsily the daisies nod their gold-and-silver heads,
And tiny dew-blest tulips peep from out their grassy beds;
Among the flowery, verdant fields a balmy, fragrant breeze
Caresses all the violets and whispers in the trees
A happy hymn of nature's joy to welcome in the spring,
A hymn that all the robins and their kinsfolk love to sing,
A joyous, warbling song of love they trill the live-long day:
"All hail to our blest Lady, to Mary, Queen of May!"

Moonlight on Lake Champlain

'Tis night, and on the placid lake
The gentle moonlight gleams,
The while I rest upon the shore,
And still my sad heart seems
To see nought in this bright scene save
A background for my dreams.

The wavelets murmur on the beach,
The fragrant night-breeze whines,
And like a maiden's sigh I hear
The rustle of the pines;
And over all the gorgeous moon
In golden splendor shines.

The stars are cold and blue and clear,
And fairies seem to play
Upon the waves and 'midst the rocks
Where vagrant moonbeams stray;
But I can only dream and sigh,
My heart is far away.

Why?

Why did you want to break my foolish heart?
Why did you try to make me love you so?
Why did you thrill me with the fervent glow
Of youthful love?—To demonstrate your art,
Your skill in handling Cupid's tiny dart?
Or was it, cruel maiden, just to show
Your fickleness?—My heart would like to know
What changed your love, and wherefore we must part.
I'll try, but try most vainly, to forget
Those happy walks beneath the moon's cold beams,
To lose you in the realms of memory;
But sometimes I will wonder if regret
Will ever steal within your bitter dreams
When you recall the days that used to be.

To a Postulant

Between my heart and God there is no choice;
How could I be worthy of that love,
That, heeding only some celestial voice,
Spurned the world, and like some spotless dove
Sprang from this dull earth and winged its way
Before the throne of God; and pure and pale,
And throbbing with devotion, there will stay;
Thy virgin heart is hidden 'neath the veil.
Farewell, my love, but yet before we part,
Before I leave, my lonely way to plod,
Take thou from me, sweet nun, my broken heart;
I cannot weep; how can I envy God?

Spring's Drawback

The winter is dying a gradual death,
  The breezes are balmy with promise of spring;
The chill winds have changed to a joyous, light
    breath,
  That heaven-born zephyrs from out the south
    bring.

The springtime is coming, the frolicksome spring,
  When poets waste hours in writing poor verse;
And thin little nestlings first start into sing;
  The springtime is coming, while coal-dealers
    curse.

But why, when the springtime is fast drawing
    nigh,
  And once more we can hark to the song of the
    thrush;
And the golden sun smiles from a blue, cloudless
    sky,
  Why, oh why, must we struggle through five
    feet of slush?

The Cynic

I am the Cynic;
I take all men for fools
Until they prove themselves to be
Something else;
I have no friends,
But no-one dares to call himself
Mine enemy.
I am feared by all and hated by most:
Feared because I seem to read
Men's inmost thoughts;
Hated because, though human,
I am not weak.
I cannot laugh at jests
My neighbors roar over,
Nor weep at the so-called tragedies
With which this life abounds.
I am the Cynic;
When I ope my lips, men hold their breath
Lest I divulge some secret that they thought
Tight-held within their breasts;
And women tremble, if I look
Into their eyes, lest I should look too deep
And see their souls.
I rarely laugh, and if I do,
Dogs curl their tails between their legs,
And run;

And women shudder, and men grow pale,
And wonder what poor wretch it is this time,
Whom the Cynic laughs to scorn.
I am the Cynic;
The women hate me, and yet admire me,
And flatter me, and curse within their hearts
Because I do but sneer
At all their blandishments;
Frivolous fools! they have no sense,
And glory in their senselessness.
Men call me names behind my back,
And seek to find some scandal in my life,
Some love-affair, some hidden wound
That eats into my soul, and makes me
Bitter.
But they are afraid
To revile me to my face;
I need but look into their eyes,
And curl my lips, and point accusing hand,
Their souls shrink down within them,
And they smirk, and try to smile,
And look for all the world
Like the cowardly jackals
That all men are.
I am alone:
Life flows past me like a turbid stream,
Full of filth and mud,—an unclean stream;
I see the mud, but the rest of the world do not,
And do not wish to.
I am the Cynic.

Easter Morning

The birds awake, and smoothing ruffled wing,
Bid welcome to the fragrance of the spring,
And slowly, gently, joyously they sing:
"He's risen! God be praised."

The new-born sunbeams, gladsome, golden gay,
In graceful frolic dance, and laugh, and play,
And smiling, glance to heaven, as if to say,
"He's risen! God be praised."

The balmy, perfumed, soothing, springtime breeze
Floats gently past the busy, buzzing bees,
And softly whispers in the swaying trees,
"He's risen! God be praised."

All nature gaily greets this Easter Day;
And now the distant church-bells softly play.
A-ringing, and a-singing, and a-chiming far away,
"He's risen! God be praised."

Marguerite

Dainty—
Rosebuds are dainty, all glist'ning with dew,
Nodding aloft at the heaven's deep blue,
Yielding their scent to the drowsy spring air
That softly and languidly drifts everywhere,
Seeming with perfume the whole world to fill;
Rosebuds are dainty, but daintier still
Is Marguerite.

Lovely—
A lily is lovely that stands all alone,
Apparelled in white like a nun who has known
The things of the world and has left them to pray,
And kneeling in solitude all of the day,
Speaks only to God, with her soul all athrill;
A lily is lovely, but lovelier still
Is Marguerite.

Joyous—
A robin is joyous that wakened at dawn
Blinks his tired eyes at the dew-sprinkled lawn,
Flutters his crest and spreads dainty wing,
First tries his voice and then starts to sing,
Slowly, then faster, with many a trill;
A robin is joyous, but more joyous still
Is Marguerite.

Good-Night

How sweet it is to say good-night,
Within the hall-way standing,
To whisper words of love's delight,
Another kiss demanding.

Her half-closed eyes of wondrous blue,
Demure, and yet so daring,
Are like twin lakes of glist'ning dew,
Their mystic beauty sharing.

Her yielding lips so close to mine,
Entice me on to madness;
Redder and richer than sparkling wine,
They fill my soul with gladness.

A subtle perfume from her hair
Doth make the night-air denser,
Like Oriental perfume rare
Swung from a golden censer.

How yields she her fair form to me,
So shyly and demurely!
Ah, she cannot a mortal be,
A fairy naiad surely!

How sweet it is to kiss good-night,
But hastily, ah, never!
For I, to Her, my Heart's Delight,
Could say good-night forever.

When You Are Near

When you are near, a sweet and wondrous madness
Seems to seize my heart; the skies were ne'er so blue;
All nature sings, in ecstacy of gladness,
A joyous, tender song of fervent love for you.

When you are near, such thoughts and yearnings thrill me,
My heart near perishes in ecstacies of bliss;
Such maddening love it is that seems to fill me,
I think I'd gladly die for only one sweet kiss.

When you are near, my dear, don't you believe me?
When you are near, and I look deep into your eyes,
When you are near,—ah, dearest, never leave me!
We seem to be alone in some blest paradise.

After the Rain

The rain has ceased, and now the stormy clouds,
That covered all the sky like somber shrouds,
And whence the fiery forks of lightning flashed,
And throbbing, rumbling peals of thunder crashed,
Are drifting slowly, silently away,
Whilst in the brightened West the dying day
Rejoices in the freshness of the earth,
And while the robins voice their joyous mirth,
A gorgeous rainbow stretches o'er the sky,
A splendid, curving arch that reaches nigh
To heaven itself; an iridescent beam
As gay and lovely as an angel's dream;
And brightly gleaming in the glowing West
The golden sun is sinking to its rest,
Dazzling all the heavens with a blaze
Of radiant light, and bathing in its rays
The cheerful, rain-soaked grass and dripping trees,
And all the while a gentle, fragrant breeze
Flutters 'midst the flowers with a sigh,
And crickets chirp their evening lullaby.

Eileen

Entrancing, winsome, charming, sweet Eileen,
I seem to see thee in fond fancy's sight;
My joyous, dainty, blithesome Irish queen,
With azure eyes that shine with lustrous light,
Like moonbeams peeping through a cloud at night.
The mem'ry of thy happy laughter seems
To bear me back in blissful fancy's flight,
To grassy verdant banks of dancing streams,
Where you and I once dreamed mad, youthful, loving dreams.

The Joys of the Unexpected

Did you ever catch a glimpse of blue
  Beneath some stormy clouds
That veiled the heavens from the view
  Like dreary, somber shrouds?

And didn't that tiny patch of sky
  Seem fairer in your sight
Than all the beauties of July
  When sunbeams rain delight?

Such heavenly glimpse I saw today,
  But fairer far than this,
A maiden slender, young, and gay,
  A most alluring Miss.

Ensconced within a trolley-seat,
  Oh rapture most divine!
We paused an instant at a street,
  And her eyes looked in mine.

No more I'll see that vision blest,
  The thought makes me dejected;
It seems that we enjoy things best
  When they are unexpected.

Louise

Spring is in the air, and nature's glad,
With all of nature's charming gayety;
And yet amid it all my heart is sad,
I cannot feel the springtime's ecstasy.
One tender song, one love-sick melody,
Is all I hear, the rustling willow trees,
The chirping birds all seem to sing to me,
A name that thrills my soul; the drowsy breeze
Caresses me, and softly, sadly sighs "Louise!"

Play the Game

If life is far from being a joyous song,
If cares increase, and everything goes wrong,
If duty's burdens seem too much to bear,
Don't sit and mope, and give up in despair,
Buck up and show the world that you don't care,
Just grin and play the game.

If you are overcome by some great grief,
If you've been robbed by death, relentless thief,
Of someone whom you loved, if in that grave
Your heart is buried with the love you crave,
Don't yield to vain despair, be strong and brave,
Just grin and play the game.

This world of ours might seem a lovely place,
But there's a lot of horrid things to face,
Before we reach the end of life's brief span;
But don't give in, keep cool and act the man,
And you'll win through if anybody can!—
Just grin and play the game.

Love Sickness

Dearest one, my heart is aching
With its pain,
Love has filled it nigh to breaking,—
Love that's vain;
And yet so fervent that its yearning,
Like some fire,
Fills my aching breast with burning
Mad desire.
Always in my dreams your smiling
Eyes of blue,
And all the countless sweet beguiling
Ways of you,
Mock me with their winsome gladness,
And my brain,
Bordering now on lovesick madness,
Throbs with pain.
Though you do not love me, please dear,
Ere we part,
Let me give you on my knees, dear,
My broken heart.

Mockery

Last night, whilst stretched in this foul, slimy
mud,
O'ercome with weariness and loss of blood,
Lulled to sleep by the bullets' awful scream,
I dreamt, or fancied that I dreamt, a dream:
I stood in some sweet garden I once knew
Long, long ago; 'twas morning, and the dew
Was sparkling on the roses everywhere,
And flower-scented perfume filled the air;
A grassy pathway led up to the door
Of a tiny house with roses climbing o'er.

Back home again! Oh God, my ecstasy
At that return to things that used to be!
But as I stood, my heart was filled with fear,
Lest I should wake and all would disappear;
A robin stood before me on the grass
Who gaily hopped aside to let me pass.

No happier thou, thou little Ruffled Crest,
Than mine own heart a-fluttering in my breast!
I hurried to the house, and e'en before
I realized it, Mother oped the door,
And with a cry rushed into my embrace,
The joyous tears a-streaming down her face.

Oh mother mine! Oh mother, mother mine!
No love on earth could ever be like thine!
And as I kissed her tears away, I heard
A voice as sweet as song of mocking-bird,
And turning, there I saw before the gate,
Laughter struggling with her tears, my Kate.
Accursed dream! I woke to battle's stench,
Lying in the squalor of this trench,
Mocked by death, and pain, and misery,
And dreams of happiness that cannot be.

Doubts

If a handsome young fellow entreated a kiss,
Would you stop and consider about it?
Would you shake your fair head, and say, "No,
not tonight?"
Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.

If a masculine arm slipped around your slim
waist,
Would you rise to a maidenlike fury?
Would you get awfully mad if the pressure in-
creased?
Well maybe, but I'm from Missouri.

If you met a young fellow and he came to call,
He is nice, and that's all about it;
Would you sit in one corner and he in another?
Well maybe, my dear, but I doubt it.

If you noticed male eyes admiring your charms,
Would you quell him with glances of thunder;
If he started to flirt, would you call the police?
Well maybe you would, but I wonder!

If you've lived a gay life, and you've loved a *few*
men,
When you wed will you forget all about it?
Will you give up the men, and so forth and so on?
Well maybe you will, but I doubt it.

Winter and Spring

I fear the winter's cruel breath;
It clutches me, and clutching, fills
My heart with horrid icy chills,
And stabs my soul with clammy thrills,
And makes me think of death.

I love the zephyrs of the spring;
They soothe my soul with idle dreams
Of love and joy, while bright sunbeams
Caress me with their golden gleams,
And brighten everything.

Love Song

The fairy light of thy dear eyes
Doth pierce my heart with love;
They're like a bit of azure deep
From heaven's vault above.

They're like two mystic, gleaming stars,
That twinkle in the night;
They're like twin rippling, crystal pools
That shine with magic light.

Thy cherry-tinted, rosebud lips,
When curved in smile so fair;
Display thy flashing, snow-white teeth,
Than ocean's pearls more rare.

Thy raven tresses, glossy, black,
Are like a night in May,
When starry sky and perfumed air
Bid us forget the day.

Thy matchless form is like the air,
'Tis more of heaven than earth;
Thy silv'ry laugh is like a wave
That sings in bubbling mirth.

Thy lovely hands are heavenly,
So delicate they seem;
Thy very name, my Beatrice,
Is like an angel's dream.

On Looking at a Picture

Ay! Smile at me, thou cruel witch,
  More lovely than a rose in May!
And curve thy lips, ripe-red and rich,
  That once so softly told me "nay!"
Those lips for one sweet kiss from which
  I would have vowed my life away.

A Dream

Last night, whilst deep in tranquil sleep, I dreamed
Of by-gone happy years, and so it seemed
There passed before my eager, errant gaze
The maidens I have known in other days.

A charming vision, a gorgeous gay parade
Of the loveliest creatures that God has ever made,
A wondrous dream that refreshed my weary brain
As the wilting rose is quickened by the rain.

I saw again that naiad nymph most fair,
My boyhood sweetheart with the golden hair;
And pensive mouth, and charming upturned nose,
And cheeks more velvet than the new-blown rose.

And her I saw, that brown-haired, merry witch
With the silv'ry laugh, and lips ripe-red and rich,
And beauteous eyes of twinkling emerald green
That shone and sparkled with a magic sheen.

And in my dream I saw with brightened glance
A maid who used to make my poor heart dance;
A dainty maid with hair as black as night,
Who broke men's hearts as though it were her right.

And in Morphian sight I saw that girl
With the pouting lips and teeth of flashing pearl;
And hair more radiant than the golden sun
Fast sinking to its rest when day is done.

And she, too, passed before my dream-sent sight,
That brown-eyed vixen, once my heart's delight;
More graceful than the willows, and more gay
Than a robin bidding welcome to the day.

And she, that most delightful, charming Miss,
Whose ruby lips were surely made to kiss;
A most congenial maid, who thought the moon
Was only made for lovers' walks in June.

And that fair idol of my youthful days,
With chestnut curls, and bright, coquettish ways,
And long-lashed eyes, all wide and blue and
bright
And glistening with a merry twinkling light.

And many more I saw, but e'er I woke
I saw that cruel, lovely maid who broke
My heart, and while I struggled with my pain
She smiled at me. Ah, let me dream again!

Autumn

Summer lies dead, and while the dirges toll,
Cool Autumn has emerged from summer's grave,
And laughing, frolics o'er the harvest fields.
Amidst the whirling heaps of gold-red leaves
The gilded, radiant sunbeams dance in glee.
From out the north fierce Aquila's cold blasts,
Foretelling coming winter's cruel storms,
Like hellish fiends shriek among the trees,
And whistle, mourning, past the gathered corn
That stands like death itself in yonder field
Where not long since, majestic, living stalks
Had waved and nodded in the summer sun.

Not somberly, in gloomy, silent black,
But in artistic hues that please the eye,
Does nature mourn warm, fragrant summer's death.
She beautifies the trees, that long for sleep,
With gorgeous robes of scarlet and of gold;
Beneath her touch, the wilted wayside weeds,
Despised, forlorn, grow beautiful once more,
As absolution glorifies the soul,
Deep-sunk in sin, and makes it heavenly.
All autumn's cherished blooms, the zinnia,
The cosmos, aster, gold chrysanthemum,
Now strive, in fragrance and in brilliance,

To better summer's roses and sweet-peas;
Some birds, not yet gone south from winter's
cold,
Among the falling leaves still trill their songs,
Reviving summer in their warbling notes.

O Autumn, thou art but the interval
Between fond summer's drowsy, perfumed days
And cruel winter's piercing wind and snow,
But fairer far art thou than winter drear,
Or gentle summer, or the fragrant spring,
In thine array of gorgeous color-tints,
Thy virile mirth, and naked solitude.

The Spy

The rosy dawn's first hazy streaks of light.
Spread slowly o'er the misty eastern sky;
The birth of dewy morn has banished night,
And day has come, a day in blithe July.

The drowsy, feathered creatures raise their heads,
And joyously bid welcome to the day;
The droning insects leave their verdant beds
And frolic through the grass in gladsome play.

The flowers yield their fragrance to the breeze,
Each petal blest with glist'ning drops of dew;
While o'er the blossoms buzz the busy bees,
And now the dawn's faint pink has turned to blue.

How peaceful is this morn! How sweet the call
Of nature, wakened by the dawn's first peep!
But what is that, that lies against yon wall,
That silent thing, that horrid, huddled heap?

It was a man, a spirit brave and bold,
Who not long since, with hasty, deep-drawn breath,
Had looked upon the dawn—and found it cold,
Had breathed the perfumed air, and thought of death.

North Winds

Winter has come! Rejoice, ye winds
That roar and blow from out the north;
Arise from out your summer's sleep,
And merrily come leaping forth.

O'er streams and mountains, fields and towns,
Press on, ye winds, with unchecked din;
Exulting in your mighty strength,
Come, welcome cold, drear winter in.

The flowers wither at your breath,
The chilled earth fears your icy tread;
You laugh, and roar, and laugh again,
And leave all gentle nature dead.

Exult, ye winds, in fiendish glee,
In all the misery you bring;
But yet, from out drear winter's snows,
Will rise the joyous, fragrant Spring.

Yearning

I yearn for the fragrance of roses again,
For the leaves bursting out on the trees;
For the smell of a summery shower of rain,
And the kiss of the springtime's breeze.

I long for the song of the robin at dawn,
And the glint of the glow-worm at night;
For the sweet-smelling, velvety grass on the lawn
And the buzz of the bees in their flight.

I yearn for the odor of newly-plowed earth,
And the sight of a blue sky above;
I long for the spring, for all nature's rebirth,
I yearn for the springtime, and love.

Christmas, 1918

'Tis Christmas, and the whole wide world is gay;
The angel's blessed hymn of "Peace on Earth"
Has been fulfilled, and joy and carefree mirth
Enkindle all on this most holy day.
The very snow beneath the sun's warm rays
Doth melt in tears like some young happy bride;
All nature wakes to greet this Christmastide,
And sings a silent song of joy and praise.
A good old-fashioned Christmas let it be,
With joyous revelry and hearty cheer;
And if our loved ones cannot all be here,
We'll build a bridge of holly o'er the sea
To bring them home in spirit; if perchance
With hopeless grief our hearts are dull and dead,
The Child will send our spirits there instead,
To spend our Christmas by a grave in France.

My Long Distance Girl

I see you nearly every day
In the railway car,
And like the humble publican,
I worship from afar.

Your sparkling eyes of deepest blue,
Are full of mystery;
My heart within me seems to leap,
Whene'er you smile at me.

Your hair, a glittering mass of gold,
Reflects the sun's bright beams;
I see your charming, sun-lit face
In all my sweetest dreams.

The poets say that distance lends
Enchantment to the view;
Perhaps that is the reason why
I "fell" so hard for you.

The Nor'easter

From off Atlantic's rock-bound coast,
Shrouded in fog, like a hoary ghost,
I rush with many a frenzied roar,
Lashing the billows against the shore,
Filling the air with a misty chill,
Chasing the gulls, whose voices shrill
In inharmonious chorus rise,
Shrieking for help to the leaden skies,
The while they beat their futile wings
Against the spray that the ocean flings
Upon them, mocking their misery
Until exhausted they seek the sea,
And scornful, swirling, white-capped waves
Mark their watery, storm-tossed graves.

Streaks of lightning cross my path,
The heavens thunder forth their wrath,
As lashing water in my wake,
I hover where the billows break
Upon the ocean's sandy floor,
And vent their fury on the shore.
Here land and sea each show their might,
And desperate in ne'erending fight
Wage nature's war eternally.

I am an ally of the sea;
With lashing rain and stinging hail,
And all the fury of the gale,
I rush from out the misty sea
And lead the waves to victory.

I am the spirit of the storm,
A horrid, misty, hidden form
That fisherfolk and seamen see
Sometimes at night when dismally
The lashing wild northeast winds howl,
The dim-seen cloudy heavens scowl,
And on the shore the waves break high;
There against the northeast sky
I stand enshrouded in the night,
And show the world my scornful might;
A world of rain, of wind, of sea,
A world that bows its head to me;
Merciless, scornful, most unkind,
The spirit of the north-east wind.

The Christmas of the Dead

The flowers are faded, the trees are bare,
The meadow-lark has fled,
An ermine robe of spotless white
Upon the earth is spread.
Whilst we, who lie here celebrate
The Christmas of the Dead.

Blest feast of joy, what memories
Thy name brings to our ears!
Dreams of mother, dreams of home,
Dreams of vanished years
That live but in our memories,
And in our mothers' tears.

Cold are the pillows beneath our heads,
Cold our couches of clay;
Ye who are warm beside your hearths
At home, far, far away,
Have you forgotten those who died
That you might have today?

To Delilah

Fair charmer, mistress of the art
  That only maidens know;
Enchanting witch who ruled men's hearts
  Four thousand years ago.

Your eyes were like the heaven's stars,
  Entrancing, azure, bright;
And even Samson, mighty giant,
  Succumbed to Beauty's might.

You charmed him, then you shaved his head
  With caution, skill and care:—
I guess he blest his lucky stars
  You only took his hair.

Winter

The mellow moonbeams, soft, and cold, and bright,
Shine through the winter night,
And bathe in lustrous light
The ermine robe that cloaks the world below,
The silent, ghostly snow.

Cold and his brother Silence rule the earth;
Gone is the daytime's mirth,
Banished until the birth
Of frosty morn shall paint with living ray
The snow-enshrouded day.

The shivering, snow-ridged oak-trees, bleak and drear,
Are filled with a nameless fear
As radiant and clear,
The scornful moon's cold, horrid, ghastly stare
Frightens the breathless air.

Nature's voice is hushed, no jarring sound
Disturbs its peace, the ground
Like some dead bride is gowned
In robes of richest satin, smooth and white,
Gemmed with the moon's soft light.

The gentle earth, the snow-bound earth is dead,
Asleep in its icy bed,
The while the moonbeams shed
Their lustrous radiance, their cruel glow
Upon its pall of snow.

L'Envoi

A balmy, perfumed evening in July,
A rustling garden where the moon shines bright,
And just we two, athrill with love's delight,
Sitting there beneath the tranquil sky,
Giving kiss for kiss, and sigh for sigh;
And as her lips meet mine, I hold her tight,
And vow by that pale goddess of the night
That love like mine would never, never die.

To five-score maids I've vowed my love since then,
And told each one my love would never die;
And those five-score have each had five-score men
To tell them that same old sweet-sounding lie;
And now I'm wondering who the next will be
To whom I'll vow my love eternally.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 477 590 6